

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
ROYALTY

In the Person of
King Charles II.
A
P O E M.

By *Thomas Heynes*, Gent.

L O N D O N

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L Et *Virgil's* Muse on coy *Alexis* dote
Aw'd by *Apollo* from a higher Note,
Let modest *Cowley* to his Mistress prove
That his fond Strings will sound of nought but Love.
Inspir'd by ambitious *DiClates* I'll
In a more joyful and *Heroick* Style,
(With the Almighty's Poet *Laureat*) sing
Of matters appertaining to a King.
But where shall I the mighty Subject chuse?
Or what brave *Hero* shall provoke my Muse?
Heaven's Index which did to the *Magi* tell
The place where *Shilo* from a Virgin fell,

B

Appearing

Appearing likewise o're the *Brittish* Sphear
 At the *Natalia* of a Royal Peer
 Directs me by it's Luster to the place,
 And Person, which my measur'd Lines must trace.

A Person whose Descent was great and high,
 Fit to b'attended with a Prodigy.

Nor did the place *Heaven's* notice merit less,
 Which the Defenders of it's Faith possess,
 On whose delightful Soil the Roya Seed
 In every Age such Sacred Cross breed.

'Tis most renowned for the Infant Seat
 Of the first Christian Emperor, the Great,
 And Pious *Constantine*. It's ancient Fame
 Is likewise much enlarged by the Name
 Of *Lewis* the prime Christian King, they first
 Of Monarchs to profess a *Jesus* durst.

'Twas here the Blood of the first Royal Head
 That wore a Crown of Martyrdom was shed.

Who as a Martyr was the Churches Seed,
 But being King a hopeful Prince did breed.

A Prince whose early Goodness did reform
 His Sisters Beauty sullied in the Storm
 Of Persecution and Rebellion. He

The Subject of my Joyful Song shall be.

Like as the solitary Bird that moves
 Her pinion o're the tall *Arabian* Groves,
 Doth from the Ashes of her Dam advance,
 And to herself that noble kind inhance.

So the pure Flames of our late Sovereign's Urn
 Did to this most puissant Monarch turn:

Who when wise Nature had sufficient strength
 On him bestow'd to force a Birth, at length
 From her obscure Elaboratory came

Ulsher'd into the World 'twixt Joy and Fame.

Why

The Triumphs of Royalty, &c.

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Why should I mention here the curious pride
Of that bright Star whose Subtile Beams did glide
Through the Sun's burning Atoms, and adorn
The Day on which the Lovely Youth was born?
(When *Phabus* being afraid, left on the Pole
The Ghost of his audacious Son did roll,
Dispatch't his nimble *Pegasus* away
Urania to consult about the Day)
The Noble Substance gladly we behold,
Which to the former Age those Types foretold;
This only shall my Loyal pen inspire,
And dictate Verses to my trembling Lyre:
To *Charles* the Second therefore I'll my Song
Devote, to *Charles* it doth of right belong.
None is more worthy of my Verse then he,
Who did from slavish Yoke our Nation free;
First by a *Parthian* Conquest, when he fled
Disguised, unto the Oak's Asylum led
By the safe Conduct of his Angel, that
Once on the root of *Gideon's* Acorn sat.
That fatal Tree to *Abolom*, and those
Who dare their Lawful Sov'raign to oppose,
To his Majesty was not a Foe,
But more propitious much by far then so.
Thrice did the sensible and humble Plant,
(As if it did not Love or Manners want)
It's Sacred Branches to this *Phœnix* bow,
Inviting him by kind and silent shew,
Who strait to climb the same doth condescend,
Whiles the officious Limbs assistance lend,
Proud to receive into their shady Nest
The charge of such a brave and noble Guest;
Him thus advanced unto his strange repose
The spreading Leaves do faithfully enclose.

Nature high Steward of wise Providence
 Who unexpected blessings doth dispence
 To needy Mortals, having thus dispos'd
 Our Prince upon a Throne by her compos'd,
 Thought it unmeet that he should sit alone,
 And his misfortunes by himself bemoan.
 With a Retinue she supplies his Court,
 Of which some are for Service some for Sport;
 Here the Purveyors of *Elijah* bring
 A Tribute of their Berries to the King,
 And here the hov'ring Confort of the Sky
 In Carols chant to his delivery.
 The Flocks which in th' inferiour Valleys graz'd,
 At this unusual Object stood amaz'd,
 Until the plunderers them away did hall,
 And they like Victims for our *Isaac* fall;
 The Birds of Prey which did those Fields forsake,
 To the rebellious Walls themselves betake.
 The wild and savage beasts with whom the fierce
 Usurper of the East did once converse,
 From this Diviner Presence ran away,
 Nor of it's Prospect in the Verge dare stay.
 Thus were his Sences by External Charms
 Free'd from the sad Impression of his Harms,
 Whiles Comforts far more solid did controul
 The Melancholly Passions of his Soul,
 Full of the Spirit and those Graces which
 The Faculties of pious Men enrich.
 To his desires he unfolds the Door,
 And thus in *Jacob's* form doth God implore:
 If thou great Lord wilt bring me back again,
 To my dear Father's Court, where I may reign
 In peace, and to my Troubles put an end,
 I vow thy Faith and Worship to defend.

Ejaculations

The Triumphs of Royalty, &c.

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Ejaculations more he did rehearse,
(But sympathizing Tears restrain my Verse)
So melting that a *Myrmidon* they'd move;
Much more the Bowels of the God of Love,
Who heard, and as a pledge of happier Days,
Him for the present to his Friends conveys.
But leave (my Muse) the glory of his Flight,
And of his Joyful Restoration write.
Whose most Victorious Entrance did our view
The Triumphs of his bare Delivery,
As much as things astonishing exceed
Those which do only Admiration breed.
To's Guardian Angels quick Invention he
His Rescue owes, but his Return could be
The wise and wonderful Effect of none
But of the three United States alone,
Who at *Heaven's* Altar do in Council sit,
Baffling with Counterplots all humane wit.
'Twas when our patient Prince seem'd to despair
He should be ever a possessing Heir,
For Arms could ne'r the sturdy Slaves remove;
Tho strength doth not more just a Title prove,
Nor is our *Hero* to be thought less stout
In that he's not assisted by the Rout.
Then like a Giant flash't with *Chloro* Wine,
Th' Almighty leader of the Host Divine,
Whose Spacious Tent the numerous Orbs enclose,
From the Tribunal of *'s* Pavilion rose,
And with a nod the Nations Genius he
Did change, and forc'd her on her stubborn knee
To sue for pardon of her injur'd Lord,
Whom ~~whom~~ she inveterately abhor'd.
'Twas God (you see) that did this plot invent,
But Nature the brave Scene did represent.

Who

Who (like the anxious Nurse of Cyrus, when
 The trusty Shepherd bore him from her Den)
 Did not forsake her Royal Charge, but
 In his Adversity, a Friend she was,
 Did likewise in his Triumph bear a part,
 Out-vying in her Pageants mimick Art.
 She at his first approach for Joy doth weep,
 And pearly Showers do from her Temples creep,
 With Lightning and with Thunder then she clears
 Her Cloudy Eye-Lids, and more calm appears,
 The grand Procession this to move invites,
 And straight comes forth our King among his Knights;
 Majestickly he rides, and with a smile
 The hearts of his repining Foes beguile.
 Thus having under the Triumphant Arch
 Of England's eldest Daughter pass'd, doth march
 In State unto the other of her Twins,
 Whose ancient Minister now to roar begins:
 There being entred, reverently he bows,
 And on the hallowed Table pays his Vows.
 Being discharg'd of them the holy Priest
 Devoutly on 's Anointed Crown doth rest
 The Royal Burthen, whilst unto the Skie
 Loud Acclamations from his Subjects fly,
 Whose shouting Crowd surround the Royal Scall,
 The dancing Pillars and the vocal Wall,
 (As if the Charms of brave Amphion's Lyre
 With Voice and Motion did their Stones inspire)
 The sprightly Image of the Mount rebound;
 Nothing in Nature now is silent found,
 But every thing combine, they all agree
 With joyful noise, Great Charles to welcom thee.
 By them alarm'd, th' impatient Clouds again
 Break from the Dungeons of the rolling Main

Pleading

The Triumph of Royalty, &c.

Pleading the privilege of the happy day,
And o're the blew Horizon hast away!
Whiles Meteors in the Air dance a round,
And Heavenly Canons from above resound
Not such as from the top of Sinai spoke,
Or which at Saul's Inauguration broke;
But gentler and more seasonable they
Did a more pleas'd Intelligence obey,
Nor were by Devils mingled in the Storm;
But from a Chymick Angh did receive their Form.
Welcom (Brave Prince) let the seditious Crew
With envy thy Divine Procession view;
In spite of those malicious Wolves I sing
Having so brave a subject as a King,
Who when the Fates a Scepter did restore
To his right hand that turn'd the Jack before,
Did then exchange (I speak it not in sport)
A sordid Kitchin for a stately Court.
See there he goes in such Majestick wife
As would controul the strength of Eagles Eyes,
Did not his supercilious Face display,
Through the Transparent pores of a sweet allay,
Those different Aires which on his Brow you read
From inward Conternations do proceed,
And of his mighty thoughts the Heraulds are,
With combats more then civil did declare,
When mercy with his angry Genius strove
To save the Captive Wretches which he drove;
In vain from his pursuing Love they ran
Chas'd by the Magick of his Royal Wand,
Their Guilt indeed might prompt them to despair,
And make them think that the incensed Heir
Would do no less then sacrifice their Host
With Indignation to his Fathers Ghost,

And

And in revenge of Murder give them death;
 But he with general pardon spares their breath;
 And scarce a drop of Rebels Blood was shed,
 Wherewith to stain the Joyful Day with red.
 (Howe'r their undeserv'd impunity
 Shall not secure them from Heaven's searching Eye,
 Which in its Book of Fate hath this Decree
 That Traytors shall not always go Scot-free)
 Thus the ungrateful Crowd more by the charms
 Of Love were vanquish'd than by force of Arms,
 With the *Pharfalian* Bard I'll not comply,
 But Triumph for domestick Victory,
 And though some modern Critick may accuse
 Of flattering Idolatry my Muse,
 His canting Exhortation I'll defie,
 And with an *To Peace* him reply.
 Some are with Joy and Admiration mute
 To see their Senses their sad Fears confute,
 For me the Inspiration is too strong,
 And from my unwary pen extorts a Song.
 Others in silence melancholy are,
 And tremble at the memory of War,
 Martial debates at home I do confess
 With wounds the Body politick oppres,
 But if thereby the Fates procure that all
 The rotten and superfluous Members fall,
 (Such as the *Rump* under whose brawny sway
 The wool sacks in our Capitol decay)
 And by their providence preserve the head
 By which alone the Common-wealth is fed,
 From brinish Tears and *Brittish* Blood let's cease,
 And with a grateful Joy embrace the peace.
 First then lets pay our Tribute of applause,
 And thanks to him who is the fruitful cause

Of this and all our other happiness
 The heathen Poets use to do no less;
 Nor will it next to him be thought amiss
 To bless the second Causes of our Bliss.
 Blessed be the Oak, let it for ever be
 Like *Aaron's* holy Rod a budding Tree:
 Which for this hour within it's aged Nest
 Preserv'd him from the raping Vultures quest,
 From whence he bore like *Noah's* Gentle Dove,
 A Branch the Emblem both of Peace and Love.
 Bless't be the Man (what do I wish as tho
 His Noble Soul already was not so ?)
 But blessed let him be who thought it brave
 His Leige by lawful Stratagem to save,
 'Tis *Monck* I mean; nor doth great *Ormond's* name
 Make a less Figure in the Book of Fame,
 Who this auspicious Progress did direct,
 And from those Birds of Prey our King protect.
 The white Staff which his hand far whiter bore
 Declar'd his Innocence then Office more,
 And tho High Steward be a name August;
 'Twas honesty preferr'd him to the trust.
 Long may he live, and by his sage advice
 Confirm the peace which from him took it's rise!
 Like as *Masenas* and *Agrippa* who
 To *Rome* and *Cesar's* Interest both were true,
 Did by their faithful Counsels them unite
 Into a Noble Monarchy in spite
 Of the malignant Fathers, who before
 Had stain'd their Purple with Imperial Gore:
 So when our guilty Senate had of late
 Condemn'd our Sovereign to his Sire's Fate
 Oppos'd by the Policy and Strength
 Of these two Loyal Patriots, they at length

The Execution of their Vow forbore,
 And did the usurped right to him restore.
 How could I here enlarge in blessing those
 Whom Heav'n besides in this affair chose
 But soft (my Muse) thy blessings are in vain,
 I mean superfluous like the drops of rain
 After an Inundation which doth fall,
 The Times do more for Thanks than Wishes call.
 Let us a while in Fancy's Chariot ride
 Thro the bright Mansions where the Meteors glide,
 Drawn by the Wings of that amphibious Beast,
 Which in the Aonian Rocks doth build its Nest,
 Up to the higher Stories of the Air,
 Where this inferiour Globe looks white and fair
 (Bright as the Moon its Superficies seems
 Thro the laborious Suns prospective Beams)
 Hence lets with Joy behold the spacious Ground
 Which first the *Roman* Husbandman plow'd round
 Was this fair Isle, alas, of civil War
 The meed, to me it seems much more by far
 Like the *Elizian* Fields exempt from Fate,
 Well might the Ancients call it fortunate
 Under yon Branch see how the healthy Swain
 Surveys his Cattel feeding on the Plain
 Which erst was trampled by the warlike Steed,
 And stain'd by those who wounded there did bleed,
 But now the voice of War is heard,
 The Flocks are not by Drums and Trumpets fear'd,
 Nor do the thundring Cannons make them fear,
 For Sounds more pleasant entertain their Ear,
 Hark how the Birds sang on the Branches
 Which alway wear the Livery of the Springs
 A Livery that doth look so fresh and gay
 As if 'twere still the twenty ninth of May,

*Julius A-
 gricola.

How

The Triumphs of Royalty, &c.

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How do the Corn within the Valleys laugh,
Ready to burst from out their Chaff;
And underneath the Cliffs whose lofty Top
Powdred with Light o're-shades the merry Crop,
The reeling Sons of Neptune with their Faces
Wrinkled in Smiles do sing the chearful Bace,
Expressing as it were how gladly they
Bore him who o're their Billows bears the sway,
When he return'd in Triumph from Exile
And with his Presence blest again our Isle,
Why should I not those floating Towers mention,
The winged Fugitives admired Invention,
Which to the Skies their lofty Spires advance,
And to the Ocean's murmuring Musick dance?
See how they flie with artificial Wing,
And in their Bulk from Foreign Countries bring
Supplies Domestick Treasures to recruit.
All this and more our wandring Eyes salute
In the same Prospection the marshy Strand,
See how the Jolly Shepherd there doth stand,
And leaning on his Crook a Past'ral sings,
Whiles thro the neighbouring woods the Eccho rings.
But wherefore bleats the Sheep, why doth the Cow
Amidst the fruitful Meads for Pasture low?
Not out of want but wantonness they crave
The blest enjoyments they already have;
The gentle Sheep, alas, in quiet eat,
Nor mov'd by discontent for Joy they bleat;
The Wolf of Rome and Caledonian Boar
Are they who under Fleeces whine for more,
Like the Arch-Rebel that first taught the way
To other Spirits how to disobey:
So these th' unwary Flock seek to perswade
With horns their Royal Shepherd to invade,

off

C 2

Their

Their devilish Rhetorick did of late prevail
 (God grant it may hereafter ever fail)
 The Herd then quickly found unto their cost
 That when their *Pan* was dead themselves were lost.
 Warn'd therefore by the Experience of their Ewes,
 The Lambs, I hope, a better Fate will chuse.
 The harmles Kine methinks are quiet too,
 And on the Cud of fruitful Blessings chew.
 Indeed the Devil now endeavour may
 Cloth'd in a Hide our *Abion* to betray
 As once he did her Mother *Europe*, when
 He rov'd about in the *Phanician* Fen;
 But all in vain, his Hoofs are too well known
 To the fair Virgin wise and valiant grown;
 'Tis neither Force nor Fraud can her beguile,
 Nor strength of Arms, she's no uncharnted Isle,
 But safe from any Plot or Magick Spell
 Securely in her temperate Clime doth dwell,
 So safe that the combining Gates of Hell
 (Under whose Arch the Shades of Traitors sail)
 Shall ne'r against her comely Tents prevail.
 This under God she to the Conduct owes
 Of the brave Monarch to whose Laws she bowes,
 Her foreign Foes 'tis he alone can aw,
 And homebred Rebels fall before his Law.
 When his fierce Lions do prepare their chase
 Horrour and Fear appears in every face,
 The Foxes at their footsteps are afraid,
 Nor are the dreadful Tygers less dismayd,
 When they, the Triumphs of the Forest, sleep,
 Their awful snorings broad awake doth keep
 The other Beasts, who yet in silence lye;
 Scarce dare the trembling Echo make reply.

The ancient *Greeks* before they could destroy,
Or captivate the Noble City *Troy*,
Were told they should the sacred Image take,
Whose presence it invincible did make:
So —
Our Modern Augurs (with the old the same
For Plots and pious Frauds, though not in Name)
Contrive to ruine our new *Troy*, to bring
By the Destruction of it's Guardian King,
Thus that implacable and wretched Tribe
The bloody Wish in Practice to transcribe,
Which the severed *Caligula* did vow
To kill the common Body at a blow.
But *Heav'n* and he laughs at their vain Design,
And smiles to see how idly they combine;
And let them still their shrewd Intrigues pursue,
Whiles Heaven doth still it's Providence renew.
I would move indeed a temperate Spleen to see
That any *English* men should so degenerate be,
That they should thus endeavour to betray
Their King and Country, but for my part they
Themselves and us impunely may abuse.
I'll ne'r espouse a Satyr to my Muse,
Or mov'd by Indignation and Despite
Against their Folly sharp Invectives write.
This better would those eager Mouths beset
Which in-exchange for Coffee spue out Wit,
Seeking by publick Clamors to detect
The Plots which they do privately direct.
But I (who might perhaps be thought as smart
At railing which I hate with all my heart
And could as freely wish, nay do believe
That Traytors will a greater Curse receive
Then they the Pope or *Hickringal* can give)

A Theme have chose which milder Thoughts inspire,
 And warms my Fancy by a softer fire,
 A Fire so fine and pure, that no dull smoke
 Or noisome Vapours do it's Spirits choke
 Nor will I cause so fine an Element
 By such impure mixtures to ferment;
 In short (to explain the Trope) my Loyal Strings
 Are now devoted to the best of Kings,
 Whose Nature is for Harmony design'd
 At once the Joy and Terror of Mankind,
 From th' utmost Limits of his spacious Land
 Humble Addressees kiss his Royal Hand,
 To him from far Embassadors resort,
 Him Foreign Nations to their Friendship Court;
 And the same Majesty which them invites,
 His treacherous Friends and factious Foes affrights,
 Who conscious of their Guilt make hast away,
 Left to his Justice they should fall a Prey:
 And let them gang, but may their grand Design
 In which they do so solemnly combine
 His Crown and Sacred Person to assault,
 Like *Vulcan* or *Jehus* ever halt.

Happy thou art, fair Isle, happy thy Name,
 And free, whiles Loyal to thy King, from shame;
 The *Grecian* Poets prattle may
 Of the *Arcadian* Groves alas, but they
 Are nothing worth if we consider thine,
 Whose glorious Raves on every Tree doth shine.
 And may it shine!
 Till the fair Rival of it's Light the Sun
 To th' utmost Goal of his Carriere is run
 And shall (among thy western Oceans drown'd)
 Forsake his annual and diurnal round,

May he whose Luster doth inform with Light
Thy Jocund Sphere, and doth create it bright,
Upon thy Joyful Surface never cease
To scatter the glad Beams of Joy and Peace.
But if the *Heavens* shall claim in him a share,
And still to us his Presence will not spare,
May he in them the Noblest seat obtain,
And turn *Bootes* out of *Charles Weign*;
Nor do I wish he there may fixt remain,
But that the Constellation, which first brought
To's Mortal Body an eternal Thought,
May at their dissolution it convey
Back thro Beam of *Heaven* the *Milky-way*
To's Native Mansion, where the Arch-Angel shall
His Royal Shade among the Thrones install.

FINIS
